

Mr. Hannah
Honorable Mention 2003

You're breaking my heart
every time we go in to
draw your blood
put in a line
change your ET tube

And your blue rimmed eyes
leak tears you are unable to wipe
(unable to breath, eat, move)

So angry when we cannot understand words
mouthed over the tube in your mouth
down your throat

You pull your hand away
in disgust
When I sometimes caress it
for comfort (as I pull from
my lover's touch when it seems
more for the feel of my soft skin
than me)

I don't know, Mr. Hannah
what we are doing,

If you will thank us one day
or continue to curse us, unheard,
a grown man reduced
to diapers and tears

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